

Workshop: Storrs
(a brief chandelle.)

Pacing the flat Connecticut campus
my sandal crunches out a universe:
a landscape shimmers in the rain-rinsed air
as I deplore my role of deity.

How to those lively was I
epiphanized? As H bomb? Falling star?
Were poets there twitching cold feet in bed?
Did meteoric egos play at war?

Back in the dorms the hieratical
elite exchange felicitous awards,
mimicking England's arty trinity.

Shipshape tables are signaturred by cokes,
grounds are damp: adventurers suffer colds.

Up on an ancient hill a graveyard hangs
patchlike between two tall gray chimneys, where
scholars 'peradventuring' as of old
spell out the past on flowering headstones.

Tunnels are cooling the long hillside slopes:
cars, like bugs, dart to and fro from Hartford

Everything works: this field is magical:
I savor the moment ... walking slower,
salute an 'x' that grants my brief chandelle
and climb the steep steps to Poetry 4.

-- Margarette Harris

My Sister /
And I

We live our browndown
our heads up
passing on to night our feet are not
prisons

love a wall
mean our tears

run into the wind
crying bits of sun grown tall with
laughter

-- Gloria Tropp